

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1888.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: A. S. Withersbee & Co. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: J. W. Roberts & Co., 10 Post Street. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli, and Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opéra. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

How Mr. Roe Impressed His Friends

THE SAD NEWS that has made its way to this quiet point of rocks brings with it a sense of deep personal loss. Edward Roe is dead, the telegram says. That is all. And it is more than enough, for the few words have told me of the loss of a dear friend, of a kind companion. The world at large must be deeply pained to learn that its favorite author has written his last page; that the generous heart is at rest. But the friends of the man himself, those who have sat with him and who knew his gentleness, his goodness, his great kindness to all and toward all—it is they who will suffer and lament and feel that a deep shadow has fallen upon them. None could know Mr. Roe and not respect and love him; and the younger men of to-day will feel, I am sure, that they have lost in him a friend who was ever ready to share their joys or their sorrows.

My acquaintance with Mr. Roe began at Santa Barbara, California. He had come there for rest and quiet, and for a few weeks did little more than enjoy the beauties of that far away hamlet that looks out upon the Pacific. Later on he worked hard at his desk, and finished one of his latest novels, writing ten hours a day until it was completed. In his intervals of rest our friendship ripened, and when the time came to leave Santa Barbara, I accompanied him to San Francisco and saw him safely on his journey. That was in September. In December we met again in New York, and through the winter were frequently together. In June, only four weeks ago, I accepted an invitation to visit his home on the Hudson, where he was to entertain a few members of the Authors' Club. It was at that reception, which so many will remember with pleasure, mingled with grief at its sad sequel, that I saw him for the last time. The day had been a perfect one; the gathering wonderfully novel and delightful. On all sides were heard the praises of the host; none hesitated to speak of his generous nature, of his untiring energy, of his great moral worth and kindness to all. It seems but yesterday—as indeed it was—that I saw the happy faces, the green lawns, the distant river, and heard the heart-felt greeting from the now silent lips. I cannot realize that the end has come; that he who was so loving a father, husband and friend will never speak to us again.

But abler pens than mine will not fail to do justice to the memory of Mr. Roe. I can only bear witness to certain qualities of the man with which I am familiar. One need not go abroad for an estimate of his character. At Cornwall-on-the-Hudson you will find friends who delight to praise. Mr. Roe was loved there because he deserved to be. It may not be generally known that all profits from his earlier novels and writings were given to the payment of debts contracted by another. And yet such is the fact. Mr. Roe was not a rich man, though he might have been. While yet unknown to fame his endorsement of certain notes threw him into bankruptcy. Soon after, his reputation was made; but every dollar earned was given to the creditors who legally could not have collected a cent. The money was given cheerfully; and it amounted to a large sum. 'I did not leave Cornwall,' he once said to me, 'until every man

had received from me every dollar that I owed him. I paid the debts which I did not contract myself, but was made poor by so doing.'

In his family Mr. Roe was the ideal husband and father,—the very personification of kindness and generosity. At Santa Barbara he continually planned for the happiness of his children, and would leave his study at any time to give them pleasure. It was his purpose to visit California again. Santa Barbara was to be the scene of a sequel to 'Nature's Serial Story,' and the new book was already 'blocked out.' 'My hope,' said Mr. Roe, when I last saw him, 'is to have Mr. Gibson go West with me to illustrate the scenes I shall describe. You yourself know what material he will find.' In view of the present sad ending of all his plans, I regret that he could not have given us his 'Nature's Serial' while in California. None can picture Santa Barbara so well as he could have done: especially if aided by his friend Mr. Gibson. Whatever may be said regarding Mr. Roe's talents as a novelist, this much must be acknowledged: he gave his heart to his work, and led the thoughts of his readers through peaceful paths. In Nature he found his greatest pleasure. He loved to study the ways of birds, and was passionately fond of flowers. His desk was never without the one or the other, and he knew the note of every feathered songster.

Next to his love of Nature was his love of mankind. I never heard from his lips an unkind word concerning the many men of whom we spoke. If he ever felt resentment I failed to know it. He enjoyed visiting and receiving friends, and was never so happy as when in their company. Those who so lately passed the day at Cornwall will remember the welcome extended them; and the open-handed and open-hearted hospitality. I remember that the host said, again and again: 'This must be repeated; every June must see you all here.' I am sure we wish it might. Even now I cannot realize that it is impossible to hear his greeting; I cannot feel that the wires have told the truth, and that death has stolen amongst us and taken away so kind a heart. To-day, the ocean which stretches far away from the windows of my room is bright with the sunlight falling upon it; but somehow there is a shadow over all, and I know too well what that shadow is.

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

KELP ROCK, NEW CASTLE, N. H.

Freneau and Washington

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN addressing the fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi of Amherst College, a few weeks since, on the subject of the literature of the Revolution, I called the attention of my young friends to Philip Freneau. I said that 'in later life Freneau fell from grace badly, because when he was in the train of Jefferson he lampooned Washington, but in earlier days he had a prescience which showed him what Washington was to be. In a college poem, as early as 1772, written for his graduation, he is said to have said:

A Washington, among our sons of fame,
We boast, conspicuous as the morning star
Among inferior lights;
To distant wilds Virginia sent him forth;
With her brave sons he gallantly opposed
The bold invaders of his country's rights,
Where wild Ohio pours the mazy flood,
And mighty meadows skirt his subject streams.
But now, delighting in his elmtree's shade,
Where deep Potomack laves the enchanting shore,
He prunes the tender vine, or bids the soil
Luxuriant harvests to the sun display.'

I said, in comment on this: 'This is not very good, but it is not very bad, for a Senior twenty years old; and it is well worth your note, for, if it belong to that period, it distinctly corrects the impression that Washington was little known outside his own colony when the war began.'

But I had a suspicion, in saying this, that the whole passage was an addition by Freneau, made when he published his collected poems in 1786. Mr. Duykinck has reprinted that somewhat rare edition in his edition of 1865, and supposes that the Commencement poem was really a reproduction of the edition of 1772, as printed just after the Commencement of 1771, when it was delivered. But I was so suspicious of the whole matter, which looks like an afterthought, that I asked my accomplished friend, Miss Helen Magill, of the Evelyn Institute at Princeton, to be good enough to consult that dingy pamphlet of 1772, and see what allusions were made in it to Washington.

Miss Magill has kindly done so, and has written me the following instructive and curious note, which exhausts the whole subject. It is one more example, alas, of Freneau's 'moral obliquity.' You will see that there was really no prophecy whatever of Washington's after-distinction, nor does it 'correct the impression that Washington was little known outside of his own colony.' On the other hand, the hero of the day was Sir William Johnson. Here is Miss Magill's note:

I examined the pamphlet published in 1772 (The 'Exercise' was delivered in 1771.) It was the joint production of Freneau and Breckenridge, and contained no mention of Washington. I have read it all. The passage which you question stands as I have copied it. There is another passage in which the affair of Fort Duquesne is fully referred to, and Braddock's death; but even there, not a mention of Washington. Again, the 'Potowmack' is mentioned; but all-unconscious of that date, it would seem, of him who was beside it 'pruning his vines' and 'raising his harvests,' but looking to future cities and sails of commerce for its banks and waters. The poem is, in many other respects, materially different; the tone with respect to England wholly changed in the later edition. The one originally delivered is very loyal, except in one point, where the troubles in Boston are just touched, but, it seems to me, very cautiously.

The strain of prophecy runs very full and high in the original poem, much of this part being omitted in the later, and the whole much toned down. I have given some specimens. The poets see all the wonders and excellences of the Old World and of all time repeated in improved editions in American civilization. A great observatory is spied 'in the South'—perhaps the Lick, with a little twist in the prophetic angle of vision. I think you will be amused with the already strictly business view of Niagara (how much prettier the pronunciation!) The appreciation of wild nature seems as deficient as in any ancient;—perhaps there was rather too much of that blessing. I have added the close, as a specimen of the general tone of the prophetic passages, with some other little illustrations which may amuse or interest you, though perhaps not especially to your point.

I also looked over two other editions beside that of Duykinck. The first was an English reprint of our edition of 1786, and the second an American edition of 1795. In both of these, the poem appears just as in Duykinck—not the least variation, I think. . . . Freneau's failing even to mention Washington, in the passage about Braddock, really seems almost pointed the other way, since, as early as 1755, President Davies spoke of Washington as 'that gallant youth, whom, I doubt not, Providence has reserved for some great occasion.' This was after the Fort Duquesne affair. I suppose the Johnson is Sir William Johnson, who, dying very opportunely in 1774, left the place very conveniently free for the rearrangement.

The following is the original passage in the Commencement poem for which, in the edition of 1786, Freneau substituted the allusion to Washington. The reader will observe that the whole is a dialogue between Eugenio, whose part is taken by Freneau, Acasto, whose part is taken by Breckenridge, and a third person, Leander. To give Freneau his due, he confesses that the poem is 'a little altered, and that he leaves out Breckenridge's part in the later edition. He says, however, 'A few more modern lines toward the conclusion are incorporated with the rest, being a supposed prophetic vision of subsequent events.' In saying this, he certainly meant that the reader should understand that the lines on Washington, which are near the beginning, were there in 1771, where, in truth, was nothing but a eulogy of Sir William Johnson. This is the passage which originally stood where the verses appeared which are quoted above:

Eugenio.—The dead, Acasto, are but empty names,
And he who dy'd to-day the same to us
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.
A Johnson lives, among the sons of fame
Well-known, conspicuous as the morning star
Among the lesser lights: a patriot skilled
In all the glorious arts of peace and war.
He for Britannia gains the savage race
Unstable as the sea, wild as the winds,
Cruel as death and treacherous as hell.
Whom none but he by kindness yet could win,
None by humanity could gain their souls,
Or bring from woods and subterranean dens
The skulking crew, before a Johnson rose,
Pitying their num'rous tribes: ah, how unlike
The Cortes' and Acosta's, pride of Spain,
Whom blood and murder only satisfy'd.
Behold their doleful regions overflowed
With gore and blackened with ten thousand deaths,
Where howling winds sweep round the southern cape
And other suns and other stars arise.
Acasto.—Such is the curse, Eugenio, where the soul
Humane is wanting, but we boast no feats
Of cruelty like Spain's unfeeling sons.
The British epithet is merciful
And we, the sons of Britain, learn like them
To conquer and to spare.

(Quite a variation from the characterization of the British in the later edition.)

Again, in a later passage:

What could avail, oh! Braddock, then the flame,
The generous flame which fired thy martial soul!
What could avail Britannia's warlike troops,
Choice spirits of her isle? What could avail
America's own sons? The skulking foe
Hid in the forest lay and fought secure.
What could the brave Virginians, so o'erpowered
By such vast numbers, and their leader dead?

(Observe, no reference to Washington; nor does the following reference to the 'Potowmack' speak of him:)

And thou, Potowmack, navigable stream,
Rolling thy waters through Virginia's groves
Shalt vie with Thames, the Tiber, or the Rhine.
For on thy banks I see a hundred towns,
And the tall vessels wafted down thy tide.
Hoarse Niagara's stream now roaring on
Through woods and rocks and broken mountains, torn
In days remote far from the ancient beds,
By some great monarch taught a better course,
Or cleared of cataracts, shall flow beneath
Unnumbered boats and merchandize and men.

The following passages from the original are perhaps worth reproducing:

And here fair freedom shall forever reign.
I see a train, a glorious train, appear
Of patriots placed in equal fame with those
Who nobly fell for Athens or for Rome.
The sons of Boston, resolute and brave,
The firm supporters of our injured rights,
Shall lose their splendors in the brighter beams
Of patriots famed and heroes yet unborn.

Hail! happy land,
The seat of empire and the abode of kings,
The final stage where time shall introduce
Renowned characters and glorious works
Of high invention and of wondrous art,
Which not the ravages of Time shall waste
Till he himself has run his long career,
Till all those glorious orbs of light on high
The rolling wonders that surround this ball,
Drop from their spheres extinguished and consumed,
When final ruin with her fiery car
Rides o'er creation, and all nature's works
Are lost in chaos and the womb of night.

Encouraged too by that inglorious race,
False Gallia's sons, who . . . (1772.)

. . . by Gallia's hostile sons,
A warlike race, who late their arms displayed. (1786.)

... where now
The British standard awes the subject host. (1772.)

... the coward host. (1786.)

These latter extracts probably show fairly the average sentiment of Princeton in 1771.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Reviews

Daudet's "L'Immortel"*

FOR a long time, all Paris and the great reading world beyond it have awaited with interest the appearance of 'L'Immortel,' which at last has been given to the world. A philippic more merciless, an invective more pitiless has seldom been hurled against an adversary. The ill-natured have said that through this trenchant satire Daudet sought to wreak vengeance for a personal grievance on the members of the French Academy. That such was not the case seems well established, and the motive of the work appears to have sprung out of pure altruism—to have had its roots in an impersonal love of art, and a restless desire to shake off from the literary guild the enslaving Academic trammels. Daudet has again and again declared that he has no sympathy with the aims and ideas of the institution; that it fetters free thought and benumbs original effort; and that when its portals have once closed in upon a man, he is a slave—a bondsman to dead principles and to creeds outworn. He has put himself on record as saying that he found much higher inspiration wandering with his wife and children about the fields than in listening to the droning of an Academic *séance*; and he it was, we think, who caused the following card to appear in *Figaro*, among the notices of death, when his friend Claretie was elected to fill a vacant chair: 'Pray for the soul of Jules Claretie, who was lost to his friends on the — inst. R. I. P.' Whatever the merits of the controversy, Daudet is here very much in earnest. We have had some specimens of his satire before, but nothing from which one could judge that such terrible possibilities lurked in his brain. The pen that wrote 'L'Immortel' was dipped in corrosive sublimate, and has left a mordant sting on every page it has traced.

But let us leave the satire for a moment, and look at 'L'Immortel' as a work of art. Whatever other faults have been found with M. Daudet, as an artist he has always been unassailable. Has he not opened a breach for the javelins of hostile criticism in 'L'Immortel'? Not long after he had given to the public a prospectus of his work, he announced in an interview, that in addition to his showing up of the foibles of the Forty Immortals, he had an ulterior object in the book. It was, he said, to paint in his true colors a certain type of the present day—the young man whose conscience was deadened to every high and noble aim, and whose sole idea in life was selfish enjoyment and a mad race for gold—'*la lutte pour la vie*.' And the error which has marred the book as a work of art lies in this combination of two foreign themes, causing a lack of centralization in the picture. The eye is distracted by the array of images; the mind endeavors in vain to keep pace with the puppets that move blindly and aimlessly about. Though Colette de Rosen may be necessary for the full delineation of Paul Astier and Freydet, an important factor by which to show up the 'backstairs influences' and the political chicanery of an election in the Palais Mazarin, what are Colette de Rosen and Freydet doing in the same narrative? and what relation has Paul to old Leonard Astier-Réhu, save the fictitious filial one Daudet assigns to him? Other shades come and go in the same seemingly hap-hazard manner, and we follow them in a purposeless pursuit. We are shunted from one group with its clash of interests to another, antipodal in its every thought and action, then back to the first, and then away again. Though one of these groups, by the first law of art, must be subsidiary in purpose and motive to the

other, one theme underlie the other, yet both appear of equal account in the author's sight, and he fails to show them in their true perspective. We have rarely had a chance to quarrel with Daudet in this respect before. Doubtless the Daudet of 'Le Nabab' and 'Numa Roumestan' is a severe measure by which to test the Daudet of 'L'Immortel'; and it is only natural that he should once in a while fall below the high level which he has hitherto maintained.

But though we are conscious of a lack somewhere in the book, it is attributable to no diminution of the author's power; his hand has lost nothing of its cunning; his subtlety of delineation is as keen as ever, his creations as luminous and as clearly chiselled. A half-dozen strokes of the quill and Colette lives and moves; a few more, and Freydet is instinct with life. Into the nostrils of Danjou, Adriani, Teyssèdre and Védérine, the breath is blown that makes them living souls. And Paul Astier-Réhu—the cold, heartless, scheming egoist,—how is it that Daudet can fathom the deep recesses of his mind, sound to its depths the moral obliquity of his nature, tear open his breast till its most secret workings are laid bare in their hideousness; and yet weave over the whole a film of gauze, till we are half blinded to these esoteric qualities, and feel only the external charm and manner which beguiled the Princess and the Duchess? This is an uncommon gift, an achievement very rare in literature.

The strongest portrait of all is that of old Leonard Astier-Réhu, the pedant, the dry-as-dust, the *petit bourgeois* against whom Daudet levels the arrows of his disgust and irony. Yet however he may hate the prototype, he loves the child of his brain, and lavishes upon him all his sympathy and care. The poor old autographist stands out like a silhouette against the selfishness, dishonesty and hypocrisy of the background—narrow and hard-fisted always, yet so pitiable! From the moment we meet him gloating over his Charles the Fifths to the tragedy at the Pont des Arts, we are on his side against the rest, we feel for him in his sorrow, pity him in his despair. Even Daudet's rancor at last deserts him, and he leads this abject, forlorn creature out of the world he has fashioned with the tenderness of a holy father. Again, enter with Freydet into the Church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés; gaze for a moment upon the surging sea of faces within its walls, and listen to the hushed whispers which murmur through the nave. Was any scene in fiction ever more animated, more infused with life? As a bit of word-painting, this in itself would redeem almost any error in the book, and as a piece of satire live for ever in the literature which owns Scarron and the creator of Tartuffe. The satirical culminates in this chapter, where his fellow-Academicians gather for the interment of Loisillon. Watch the procession of the Immortals defile down the aisle, those '*permissionnaires du Père-Lachaise*,' the decrepit ancients, bowed, broken in two, dried like dead leaves. With all its irreverence and intemperance, was anything ever more insidious in its *grotesquerie*? The sardonic grin of Rabelais is clearly seen; Voltaire's mocking smile plays about it all.

The most telling chapter in the book is the last, so despairing is it, so heart-rending and pathetic. Old Astier-Réhu has come to the end of his rope. Life has nothing more for him. It never had much, perhaps, but he was happy. Now, mocked by his son, spurned by his wife, despised and rejected by his fellows, shut out from beneath the dome which was as the heavens to him, he is standing in the silence of the night, beneath the stars, gazing in apathy at the dark masses of the Palace. A group of students with their sweethearts go singing by. He has never sung that song of love and youth. His neck is bared to the night, and his hair streams about his uncovered head. He bursts out in an anathema at the impassive walls—on the nullity of its promises, the nothingness of its meaning, the emptiness of life there and everywhere. He rails against it, shakes his fist at it, curses it; and when morning breaks, the Seine is flowing quietly above his broken heart.

* L'Immortel. Par Alphonse Daudet. \$1.25. New York: William R. Jenkins.

The Love-Letters of Dorothy Osborne *

DOROTHY OSBORNE was the wife of the famous Sir William Temple, whom Macaulay has hung in his striking gallery of literary portraits side by side with Milton and Addison; and these are her love-letters to him. Of such letters we have all too few. Petrarch's sonnets are *his* love-letters, and the vivid epistolary fragments of Abelard and Eloise and of Keats still live and burn with hectic fires; but for these precious memorials how many have perished, passed to that oblivion from whence no traveller nor any epistle ever returns! How delightful, then, to come on a pile of yellowed manuscripts revealing the inner life of the Seventeenth Century in its most intimate disclosures,—letters that are quick with feeling, full of wit and sportiveness, abounding in domestic sketches of the time of Charles II. and Cromwell, and addressed to one of the most celebrated statesmen, writers, and diplomats of his time. Jonathan Swift was Sir William Temple's amanuensis; 'Stella' was the maid of Sir William's sister, Lady Gifford; Waller was the intimate friend of husband and wife. In Sir Peter Lely's portraits she stands out arch, large-eyed, intelligent, full of the spirit and sprightliness of the true Englishwoman who could defy a Dutch admiral in mid-sea; he, grave, elegant, solemn, with the abundant curling hair of the period, the look of the thorough courtier and gentleman, the great Charles the Second cloak, and brilliant eyes giving a Rembrandt-like picturesqueness to the portrait. Two more characteristic figures could not be selected; and in her piquant correspondence Dorothy shows herself, girl as she then was, before her marriage to Sir William, as great a diplomat as he, a mistress of colloquial English and apt phrase, skilled in all the accomplishments of the time, pent-aught and book-taught, though not in the fashion of Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. She revels in the interminable French novels of the day,—in 'Le Grand Cyrus' of Mlle. de Scudéry, and the 'Cléopâtre' of somebody else; discusses Court gossip, leads her many lovers a dance, circumvents her jealous brother, 'swears' and upbraids in the lady-fashion of the time, and incidentally gives so faithful a picture of herself and her contemporaries that her letters possess historical importance, and charmed Macaulay into wishing that more of them might be discovered and printed than he found in Courtenay's Life of Sir William Temple. This Mr. Parry has been fortunate enough to do, assisted by the owners of the original manuscripts and a learned friend who will not be named. We know what invaluable material Mme. de Sévigné's letters furnish for the social delineation of her time. These, on a slighter scale, do the same, and their grace and artlessness make us regret that they ceased on Dorothy Osborne's marriage. One is surprised to come on such an 'Americanism' in this volume as 'to *admire* to do a thing;' but here it is, on page 30.

Dippold's Ring of the Nibelung †

DR. DIPPOLD'S manual, though written in rather stiff and unattractive English, will prove a useful help to enthusiasts in Teutonic mythology as it is musically embodied and imbedded in Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung.' Most people are absolutely innocent, not only of a knowledge of the principles underlying these great operas, but equally of the strenuous and picturesque fairy-world about and within which they revolve. Under Wagner's touch it rises 'like an exhalation,' like Milton's palace, and takes forms so weird and melodious that we hear the 'horns of elf-land faintly blowing,' and see the mighty architecture of ancient Germanic creeds and faiths shaping themselves before us in melodic form surpassing that of an Indian temple in intricacy, strength, and strangeness. Wagner (unlike his Faustian namesake) showed that union of rare genius with rare learning and rarer poetic gifts by which alone a person-

ality of the first order can really mould and impress itself, signet-like, on a whole generation, so that one can say comprehensively, as descriptive of a whole epoch, 'This is the age of Homer, of Pericles, of Lorenzo, or of Wagner.' Nobody before him had done what he did: taken a whole mythology, 'mystic, wonderful,' and translated it into music, built out of it an immense Passion Play, wrought of it a dream-world filled with exquisite figures which were sparkling incarnations of a poet's fancies; and projected all this religious and psychological music-drama so livingly before our eyes, that we absolutely touched and tasted old Teutonic life, saw the 'Sons of God come down to the daughters of men,' and lived their magic lives over again with them. Before Wagner all this lay in the editions and commentaries of scholars on the Eddas and the Nibelungen Lied, Wolfram von Eschenbach and the Court poets of Germany,—buried out of sight under note and conjecture,—dwarf-gold that glimmered not because there was no sun to shine upon it. Wagner saw its great possibilities: he was a poet as well as a musician, a scholar as well as a poet. He took the Eddas and the magnificent old German lays, wrought them into poems of modern shape, and then a second time set them to music.

Dr. Dippold has taken a segment of this work and 'Englished' it for American readers, prefixing several excellent introductory essays on the Teutonic gods and goddesses; giants and dwarfs; traditions of the Nibelung myth; and, following these, extended analyses of 'The Rheingold,' 'The Walküre,' 'Siegfried,' and 'The Götterdämmerung.' His mythological data, it is needless to say, are obtained from the Grimms's 'Teutonic Mythology,' supplemented by Prof. R. B. Anderson's 'Norse Mythology' and 'Translation of the Edda.' He is himself already favorably known by his 'Great Epics of Mediæval Germany' (Roberts Bros.); and his new venture will, let us hope, still further extend the knowledge of his meritorious work. This book, like Franz Hueffer's, will be a boon to Wagner-lovers.

Some Minor Singers *

MR. HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN does himself some injustice by placing at the head of his collection of poems, 'Orestes, a Dramatic Sketch' (1). The trite theme is treated with no special force; and Electra, entering in Act V. with a sentimental song of dead hopes and blooming violets, which reads like a translation from some minor German poet, is hardly a figure in the grand style. But the author can do better than this. The lines called 'Sea and Shore' are impressive indeed, with their tempered glow of patriotism; the sailor, in time of peace, when

Rust gathers on the iron prow,
And shore weeds clog the resting keel,

addresses the great 'Mother loved of all her sons:'

To-day thou asketh life, not death:
Our lives, for life and death, are thine;
Sweet are long years and peaceful breath,
And sunny age beneath its vine;

But there are those that deem more fair
(O Mother, seen at last again!)
That smile the dying see thee wear,
Choosing thine own among the slain.

Mr. Koopman may be said, in spite of a certain bookishness which is allied to affectation, to have 'the root of the matter in him.' He has a strong hold upon the eternal verities, and a high ideal of the poet's calling. One recognizes a genuineness in the poem entitled 'May' which is scarcely prophesied by its needless little opening motto from Horace; the butterfly,

A quivering film of living gold,
Drifting and circling in the sun,

* Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple: 1652-54. Edited by E. A. Parry. \$2.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† Richard Wagner's Poem, the Ring of the Nibelung. Explained, and in part translated, by G. T. Dippold. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

1. * Orestes: a Dramatic Sketch. By Harry Lyman Koopman. \$1. Buffalo: Moulton, Wenborne & Co. 2. Belfo' de War. By A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 3. The Triumph of Music and Other Lyrics. By Madison J. Cavein. \$1. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 4. Joy, and Other Poems. By Danske Dandridge. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

is truly living for us, and we, too, thank the winged joy for those memories 'born, like the sunshine, in the East.'

Thou hoverest near, and straight mine eye
Looks deeper than the springing sod,
Looks higher than the azure sky.

There is a quality, not present throughout the book, in the brief, suggestive 'Unhidden'—the song about the 'billowy pines that belt with purple the sea,' barring it from sight, yet recalling the sweep of the wave by their line against the sky, and its color by the 'shifting blue' that 'silkenly veils' them. Sometimes the author's humorous touches are to be deplored; but the condensed 'Antecedents' is really Locker-like. Pathos appears in the 'Old Mathematician':

All day he muttered over straws and sticks,
But could not tell that three and three make six.

* * * * *

With his last breath he sat upright and said:
'The circle squared, how simple!' and was dead.

Mr. Koopman knows the way to Songland, though he stumbles grievously now and then. His translations vary in value, some of them being excellent; the 'Fore-Song to Beowulf,' for instance. Yet it would be well for him to 'drown his books.'

'Befo' de War' is a title happily indicating the retrospective character of the poems in Negro dialect, by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page, collected in the neat volume published by the Scribners (2). The pathetic element predominates. Only humane and touching aspects of the relation between master and slave are dwelt upon; there is indeed a hint of the tragic side of slavery in Mr. Page's 'Ashcake,' but even here the veil of kindly feeling is thrown over ugly fact. The authors depict delightfully the quaint pride of the freedman in recalling the departed glories of 'his white folks,'—their 'mons'ous high' living, the rustle of 'ole Mistis' silk dress as she walked 'jes' ter her kerridge,' the glitter of the side-board and the lusciousness of the peach-and-honey when

Marster an' de gentlemens
Dey stepped up, one by one.

The closeness of the bond between 'Marse Phil' and his body-servant; the wistful interest of the 'ole mammy' in her 'Baby, a tall young lady dressed for her first ball'; the self-sacrificing devotion of 'Jucks' and 'Kree,' the fidelity of 'Poke o' Moonshine'—all these are moving pictures. Best of all is the death of 'Little Jack,' with the strong pathos of its motive. The last thought of the old Negro is for 'young Marster,' all unused to toil for bread, to whom, rather than to his own son, he leaves the little savings of forty years, since

You kin work an' don't need none,
An' he carn't, son.

I worked ter save dem figgers.
Ter buy you; but de Lord
He sot free all de niggers,
Same as white-folks, 'fo' Gord!
Free as de crows! Free as de stars!
Free as ole hyars!

This sudden cry of exultation at the thought of freedom—if we remember aright, the only expression of that sentiment in the book—is all the more thrilling because of its tenderly regretful context. Humor is not lacking in the collection, although it is not humor that most impresses us. The characterization of a 'po' white-folks' nigger' has been frequently quoted, and is good enough to quote again:

When you's dwellin' on golden harps an' chunes,
A po'-white-folks' nigger's thinkin' 'bout coons;
An' when you's sniffin' de heaven'y blossoms,
A po'-white-folks' nigger's studyin' 'bout possums.

'The Triumph of Music and Other Lyrics,' by Madison J. Cawein, is a dainty little book issued in a limited edition. The author is extremely sensitive to beauty—is in fact intoxicated with color and fragrance and melody. His chief danger lies in giving the rein to a reckless fancy. Poe and

Swinburne are misleading masters for a writer of his tendencies. His verse, it is true, also shows traces of Tennyson and Keats, but, we think, in a minor degree. The influence of Browning may be seen in brief dramatic lyrics, such as 'Face to Face,' 'Semper Idem,' 'Check and Counter-Check'; but in these the grasp is weak, spasmodic, and apparently youthful. 'Shadows' and 'Tyranny' are better poems of this class. Mr. Cawein seems to be in the stage in which recorded impressions are valuable, from their freshness, but thought is still somewhat cartilaginous. We prize more than his attempts to represent human passions, lines of simple description, breathing the pungent perfume of the hot, weedy pasture, or calling up a vision of the cool wood-path where many-colored mushrooms start, or the old byway where the rotting fence is overgrown with sumach and the wild blackberry, and the butterflies float in the sun, 'gay Ariels of the lonesome day.' He sometimes gives us a fine touch of natural magic:

Beside the wall the poppies glow
So full of fire their hearts do ache,

The bold expression

Hangs stormed with stars the night,
Deep over deep,

may be considered effective; but what is to be done with the dryad's cheek which has been seen to

Like a molten coral leak
Through the leafage shaded?

The poet is apparently blind to the incongruous in language. While it is quite in keeping that Lowell's Huldy should be

All kind of smily round the lips
And teary round the lashes,

Mr. Cawein's 'dead Loves with faces teary' are most moist, unpleasant Cupids. A 'piny-tainted' breeze is disagreeable; the reflection that 'the very vermin feel the power' of the spring and love, is not inspiring; and what serious thought can possibly attach to 'cow-behainted nooks'? When 'the houri sweets' of 'the old hot passions' are said to have made the flesh 'dafter,' convenient as the rhyme may be, the effect is funny. Perhaps we are hypercritical in condemning the word 'bust' as but a cheap, dress-makerish term for poetry. The exclamation 'Ai mi!' strikes us as somewhat affected. In brief, a vigorous pruning away of oddities and crudities would much improve the book; and one wishes that the writer would school himself to reject images which are at once inexact and startling. His faults are those of opulence, and his future seems to depend upon the acquirement of restraint.

How one grows to love the little books—the shy little books of small, finely-cadenced songs! Unusually tiny and winning is Danske Dandridge's 'Joy'; as unobtrusive and true-voiced a companion, for a sunny summer hour, as some wee singing-bird. No elaborate strain is this singer's, but a few clear notes of pure gladness. The book is well named from its first poem—the dream of the happy glade, home of 'Joy whose mate is Love, and Mother Peace'; driven forth from the homes of men in a time of doubt, unrest, and greed, to a griefless pleasure whither she brings

Young children, fast asleep,
And dreamy youths, and pretty maids who keep
Their early innocence.

In two lovely lines is expressed the communion with this spirit of delight, which has given healthful charm to the writer's verse:

And swiftly, swiftly as a homing dove,
From her sweet eyes to mine her spirit came.

'Silence' will be remembered by readers of THE CRITIC, with its invocation of calm from the aerial height where the moon hides her face 'in light and cooling fleece.' The poet has let fresh April breezes 'blow the buds of thought apart,' and, though she occasionally culls some fragrant word from the old English fields, her work has a native and open-air effect. She knows just where

the mountain currant grows,
With spicy odors rich as meth,
and where the coppice shelters

Arbutus trailers, blush and white.

She paints realistically the fantastic groups of the woodland,

Mushrooms, toadstools, white and streaked,
Or with blistered venom freaked;
Red and orange, umber-brown,
Clustered like an Indian town.

We have not intended to convey the impression that the note is unvaried. 'To My Comrade Tree' is suggestive and full of solemn beauty; and 'The Dead Moon' has a weird strength.

We are ghost-ridden:
Through the deep night
Wanders a spirit,
Noiseless and white.

Loiters not, lingers not, knoweth not rest;
Ceaselessly haunting the East and the West.

'The Angel's Song,' which closes this charming collection, flows with unusual fulness. We are moved to wish that 'Joy' may be the possession of all who prefer poetic quality to quantity.

Recent Fiction

SOMEWHERE deep down in the human heart is an element which gets for us pleasure out of pain. To this, tragedy ministers; and upon it are based the sentimental sorrows of the Anglo-Germanic romance and the keener, because more intellectual, pains of the English novel. Even that class of fiction yclept 'blood and thunder' employs physical misadventure and torment as its medium for producing such pleasure as its story may beget; while in the 'introspective' novel, spiritual and moral pangs are the keys struck to evoke the most sensitive and pleasurable pain. Indeed, writing of this kind (which is admitted by many to be the highest known to fiction) might be aptly called 'the art of producing pleasure by pain artistically inflicted.' One limitation of the American novel has always been our circumscribed means for the consistent causing of misery. The ingenuity of novelists, however, has discovered many ways to this end. Margaret Deland's 'John Ward, Preacher,' is a good illustration of these ideas. Here the anguish caused by the exacting belief, the pitiless creed of Calvinism, forms the foundation of a novel whose performance is far above the average, and from which such pleasure is derivable (aside from its excellent literary workmanship) as can come from the study of a man of gentlest nature inflicting cruel suffering on the woman he loves and upon himself through the influence of his religious belief. The book is thoughtful and has remarkable reserve of power. It is no common touch which draws the easy-going rector whose religion is a matter of temperament, and the rigid doctrinal integrity of the Presbyterian preacher whose belief is an intellectual conviction. Interwoven with the main story is a quiet, elderly romance, so delicate in its humor and so tender in its tone that we are lifted out of the strife of spiritual warfare and drift into the calm of those social and domestic problems which the ladies of Cranford spent their life in solving. (\$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A TEST of the quality of Mrs. Ewing's work for the young is afforded by the appearance of a couple of her Christmas stories in mid-summer. It is a test every Christmas story could not stand. Most of them have to be read when the holidays are at their height, or the flavor is gone. It is not so with the work of this true and accomplished writer. In reading 'Snap-Dragons' and 'Old Father Christmas,' one is borne in fancy to the scene of Christmas cheer in 'our old home;' and unless the day happens to be exceptionally hot, even for August, he looks up from the little book expecting to see the ground covered with snow, a white-bearded old man bearing a Christmas tree along the road, a dog at his side, and two childish heads peering over the garden-wall, and exclaiming in unison, 'It's Old Father Christmas!' He may indeed see this scene; for it is not only described in the text, but Gordon Browne, Mrs. Ewing's sympathetic illustrator, has made this episode the subject of the frontispiece. There is a moral in 'Snap-Dragons' for old readers as well as young; for the little boy who has a salutary adventure with these terrifying creatures inherits his snappish disposition from his parents; and his irritable and argumentative sister comes by her evil trait no less legitimately than he. The name of

the family is Skratdj ('it has a Russian or Polish look, and yet they most certainly lived in England'). Though the parents are devoted to each other, and 'never seriously quarrelled,' it is just as true that 'they never agreed about anything.' They squabble in public with little loss of equanimity on their own part, but to the endless annoyance of all about them; and at home set an example to their children which the youngsters are not slow to follow—till a painful Christmas Eve experience cures Harry of his smartness and deprives his sister of the necessary flint to strike her steel upon in kindling the flame of fruitless controversy. The other story—an old-fashioned tale of the young days of a grumpy old godfather—has a moral less pointed, but surpasses the former in charm. 'Snap-Dragons' has never before been reprinted from the magazine it appeared in, nearly eighteen years ago; and 'Old Father Christmas' has been altered and enlarged by the writer since it first saw the light. The prettily bound little volume, with its many pictures, is a delightful aftermath of the genius of the ever-to-be-lamented creator of Jackanapes. (30 cts. E. & J. B. Young & Co.)

A STORY which creates unnatural and strained situations for the purpose of analysis and comment, is a book of doubtful ethical value. If we discount the moral purpose, nothing commendable remains. 'A Pure-Souled Liar' is the story of a high-spirited and gifted young woman who is led into a secret marriage with a man who had already a wife living. Shortly after the birth of a child—the man confesses to the betrayed woman that he is a forger, a murderer and a bigamist. He then leaves her. A devoted girl, friend saves the prospects and social position of the young mothel by assuming the relationship and ignominy of the child. This 'purer souled' lie is maintained not only to the world but to the members of her family, and to the man who loves and marries her. Her death is soon after caused by the fatigue of nursing the child through a fever. It is hard to believe that this scheme of morality could commend itself to any well-organized mind, but it seems to find favor in the eyes of the author. It may be remarked that all of the misfortunes detailed in his book are attributed to the fact that the two girls attended an art-school. The logical *sequitur* is a trifle lame; but then many a well-laid syllogism concludes with 'hence the trade-winds.' (Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

'FOR GOD AND GOLD,' by Julian Corbett, is an historical novel of the Elizabethan period, told in autobiographical form, in the English of the Sixteenth Century. The author, with a rare dramatic sense, makes his characters live and move in the atmosphere of the times, among its political, religious, and scholastic questions, not contenting himself with merely adapting a mongrel form of dialect, thereby deluding himself into the belief that he has done something in 'early English.' Indeed, his very fidelity in this respect interrupts, to some extent, the interest of the tale. The vehicle of expression for a story of adventure seems a trifle cumbersome to our modern ears. Much of the book is devoted to the daring and successful piracies of Sir Francis Drake. One gets a delightful and valuable picture of Elizabeth's venturesome explorer, of the gentle and cheerful nobility of his nature, of his fortitude, of the frigates which he captured and the jewels and ingots he got in his voyages for God and Gold. Apart from the conscientious preparation of the author for his work, one feels throughout that confidence in him which comes from a sense of his reserve of untold information. The book is attractive and dignified, and is a welcome change from the mass of colorless and characterless stories which make up the mass of current light reading. (50 cts. Macmillan & Co.)

FEW SHORT story writers have so artistic a touch as Sarah Orne Jewett. By temperament Miss Jewett is an artist, a painter. She gives with wonderful ideality and feeling the dull, flat effects of some landscapes; but her scale of coloring is limited; she avoids picturesque situations, and lacks a quick sense of the dramatic and the humorous. Still, within her scope she gives us perfect bits of work. She has close fellowship with nature and the poetic insight into the human side of it. Her latest volume, 'The King of Folly Island,' contains some tales with which we are familiar and some which have not hitherto been printed. The impression of New England life, of the faded, sad, hungry-featured women, the narrow, hard-spoken men, the scrimping, weary farm work, the uneventful village life, the faint, meagre romances of youths and maidens remain distinctly in one's mind long after the last page is turned and the book laid aside. Any bright surface may reflect back an image, but to retain, to fix it, is the special prerogative of art. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Minor Notices

'WHAT SHALL we do with the surplus?' is a question which agitates others beside the politicians, and as an aid in its solution, 'A New York Broker' offers some pertinent suggestions in 'The Art of Investing.' Much of his judicious counsel might be summarized thus:—Don't rely solely on the advice of a broker. Don't buy bonds or shares without carefully reading the documents, fine print and all. Don't expect to get a good security without paying a fair price for it. Don't give preference to 'listed' securities. Don't put all your eggs into one basket. Don't invest in R. R. bonds unless the road has gone through the reorganization process. Don't put your money into Texas, Colorado, Topeka, or other repudiating localities, if you ever want to see it again. Don't hanker after water-works loans or mining shares. With this negative advice, there is a good deal of another sort, yet all marked by a spirit of caution which would-be investors might well imitate. The author is justly severe upon the shameful repudiation which has disgraced so many States and municipalities; and his denunciation of the Stock Exchange and Board of Trade as enemies to public morals, private wealth, and general business is exceedingly vigorous. (D. Appleton & Co.)

AN ENTERPRISING compiler, Mr. George B. Griffith, has gotten together 'a collection of specimen poems from over four hundred verse-makers of the Pine Tree State,' which he has given to the public under the title of 'The Poets of Maine.' If one were to judge of the 'good, old State,' as a mother of poets, by the bulk of the volume, one could not pay too high a tribute to her glory. But after the manner of similar compilers of similar works, Mr. Griffith has gone out into the by-ways and hedges, and has pressed into his service the 'regular' contributor to the county weekly, the village poetaster and the college Byron. And why should he include among the singers of Maine, Hawthorne, Daniel Webster, Mrs. Stowe, or even Dr. Ray Palmer? There was no need of thus pilfering from the stores of others, for the 'Pine Tree State' can count honestly as her own Longfellow, Willis, Eastman, Neal, Elizabeth Akers Allen, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the Osgoods, Harriet Prescott Spofford and her sister, Sarah Orne Jewett, and a list of younger singers, which we could extend to an undesirable length. The volume, as intimated above, is a generous octavo, and in addition to the published selections from the poets' works, gives a concise and accurate biographical statement under each contributor's name. (\$3. Portland: Elwell, Picard & Co.)

ALTHOUGH Dr. Knighton, in the preface to the third edition of his 'Struggles for Life,' disclaims all intention of playing into the hands of the pessimists, his book is one of the most depressing that these summer days have brought us. And the pity of it is, that it is all too true. This panorama of wretchedness, fraud, lust, cruelty, greed, fanaticism, disease and bloodshed, which he slowly unrolls before us, is simply a series of photographs from every day actualities. These toiling, underpaid, degraded men, women and children and their overcrowded, filthy abodes,—these myriads of lives destroyed by earthquake, volcano, cyclone, pestilence and war,—these horrid cruelties wrought by persecution, by the slave traffic, and by other forms of man's inhumanity,—all this aggregation of misery and sin is no creation of some disordered brain, no monstrous imagining of a perverted fancy, but the plain uncolored reality of human existence as known, alas! to the experience of multitudes of our fellows. It is well that into all this gloom and sadness there falls now and then the radiance of some deed of heroism or philanthropy, albeit the darkness soon closes about it again. That such gleams may become more frequent and abiding, that from this survey of humanity's wants and woes, disheartening though it seems, some impulse may be given toward a larger activity in beneficent endeavor, is the author's expressed hope, in which all generous hearts must join him. (London: Williams & Norgate.)

LUCIEN M. UNDERWOOD'S excellent manuel of 'Our Native Ferns and Their Allies,' first published in 1881, has so approved itself to all interested in its special field of research, that a third and revised edition is now issued. The first half of the volume treats of the haunts and habits of ferns, their structure, growth, distribution and nomenclature, and kindred topics. The chapter on methods of study will be found very suggestive. A valuable feature is the bibliography appended to many of the sections, enumerating a large list of works desirable for consultation. The last part of the book is devoted to a careful classification and detailed description of our ferns, 156 species being recorded, besides 56 species of fern allies. The work must long continue to be a standard. (\$1.25. Henry Holt & Co.)—THE BLESSEDNESS of Drudgery, and the culture that no other teacher can give so well,—

Faithfulness, and the complete service requisite,—Friendship, its varieties and possibilities and demands,—Tenderness, its quality and benefits,—A Cup of Cold Water, and in how many ways it may be offered,—The Seamless Robe, symbolic of that unity which binds all humanity to the feet of God,—Wrestling and Blessing—and, crowning all, the Divine Benediction of the peace that passeth all understanding,—these are the practical themes upon which W. C. Gannett and J. L. Jones discourse with rare felicity, in tones that must bring strength and comfort to many a weary, striving soul, and that make their little volume a fitting exponent of 'The Faith That Makes Faithful.' (50 cts. Chas. H. Kerr & Co.)

'THE EARLY LIFE OF SAMUEL ROGERS,' by P. W. Clayden, gives minutely the biography of Rogers up to his fortieth year. It is to be followed by another similar volume, devoted to the remainder of his life. The present instalment of the work is not written in an interesting manner. It is too long-drawn out, too much space is given to matters of little importance, and too many persons now forgotten are dragged into the narrative. Indeed, Rogers is himself too nearly forgotten to justify so extended a biography. His poetry is feeble and elegant, correct enough but lacking in vitality. The chief interest which can be felt in him by the reader of to-day is his connection with many important persons; but even this interest is not made to appear as it ought by his biographer, whose manner is dry and cumbersome. Could the whole story of his life have been told in one volume of two-thirds the size of the present one, and with conciseness and spirit, the result would have been far more advantageous to the memory of Rogers. The book contains many anecdotes and reminiscences of Helen Maria Williams, Dr. Johnson, C. J. Fox, Priestley, Dr. Parr, Wordsworth, Mackintosh, and other well-known persons. It gives a very good idea of English society at the end of the Eighteenth Century, and of the habits and tastes of literary people. It affords some interesting glimpses of the French Revolution, and of the state of feeling in regard to it in England. Rogers has long been known as 'the banker-poet,' and this volume gives some pleasant indications of how he managed to woo the muse at the same time that he was faithful to his business pursuits. (\$1.75. Roberts Bros.)

'THE GIST OF IT: a Philosophy of Human Life,' by Thomas E. Barr, is a summary of human knowledge as it bears on the problems of religion. It is an attempt to prove that Christianity is the best explanation of human existence, and of the problems which grow out of man's being. The author specially attempts, in his five chapters, to answer these questions: What am I? Where am I? Whence am I? Whither am I going? What is my relation to my situation, my origin, my future? In answer to the first question, What am I? he presents in simple language, and yet with much logical force, the leading facts of psychology, ethics and physiology. The question Where am I? leads to a summary of facts about the universe, and to a summary of human history. The third problem, Whence am I? is answered by a discussion as to whether the universe originates in matter, force, pantheism or theism. The modesty and candor of the author commends his book, in spite of the magnitude of the task he has undertaken. He has written an excellent apology for religion, and a defence of it well adapted to the needs of the present time. It deals directly with the questions which are now before young people, and is written in a manner fitted to their needs and capacities. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

'WOMAN IN THE PULPIT,' by Frances E. Willard, is a vigorous plea for the right of women to occupy the pulpit. The author quotes Scripture with ability, and she brings many other arguments to sustain her position. She shows how well adapted women are to do good service in this field of labor, that it is a kind of labor for which they are well fitted by all the characteristics of the sex. She brings the concurrent testimony of several prominent clergymen; and she has the liberality to admit into her book a sermon by Dr. Van Dyke in opposition to her own views. She does well to quote at the end of her book the words of Hawthorne: 'Oh, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in charge of women! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian has been prone to mingle it.' (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.)—'JESUS, BAR RABBA, or Jesus, Bar Abba?' is the title of a desultory and not very interesting theological treatise of the mildly radical order. The author entertains some not very common notions in the way of Biblical interpretation, as that the submission of Jesus to the baptism of John was a mistake, a concession to the theological errors of the Jews,

which he at once perceived and corrected by going into the wilderness; and that Judas Iscariot was an emissary of the Chief Priest, who went among the disciples for the express purpose of acting as a spy. (London: Williams & Norgate.)

The Magazines

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON confronts the reader, on opening the July *English Illustrated*, from a spirited engraving of Sir Joshua's celebrated portrait in the National Gallery. The literary features of the number are Constance F. Gordon Cumming's second article on 'Pagodas, Aurioles and Umbrellas,' and W. Outram Tristram's second paper on old-time 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways.' The first of these is profusely illustrated, and leaves little unsaid, it would seem, for another contribution on the subject. The other makes us regretful of the past, with the pleasure and discomfort attendant on journeying by coach. The writer in this paper follows Dick Turpin on his celebrated ride through snug hamlets and pleasant lanes, across limpid rivers and historic bridges, into musty inns and through ivied archways. The drawings, by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thompson, are exquisite in their daintiness, and the whole eighteen pages have the odor of the Georgian days about them, and the local color of old English comedy. Under 'Et Cætera,' the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly comes in for his monthly 'dressing down;' and during the operation, Mr. Traill dubs him 'Cryptogrammaticus.' Poor Mr. Donnelly has been called almost everything under the sun, so a new appellation here and there signifies nothing. Of his work, Mr. Traill remarks that the author has brooded over it so obstinately and unintelligibly, that the text of the First Folio has become to him like the words of the English language to one of Lewis Carroll's characters, and is made to mean whatever he pleases. Among other things in the number is a biographical essay on William Hutton; a prettily illustrated description of 'A Hampshire Hamlet,' several chapters of Prof. Minotto's story, 'The Mediation of Ralph Hardelet,' and a poem from D. J. Robertson, called 'In Exile.'

The *Magazine of American History* devotes its first fifteen pages this month to 'Roscoe Conkling' and 'His Home in Utica,' in an article by the Rev. Isaac S. Hartley. While the descriptions of Mr. Conkling's old home are interesting from the presence which once animated it, the value of the author's estimate of the dead Senator is marred by his intemperate laudation. 'About Philadelphia in 1750' is a readable little paper on the old Quaker town, when 'it was literally a city of "brotherly love."' In some 'Personal Recollections of Gen. Grant,' the Hon. Charles K. Tuckerman has gathered up a handful of fragmentary anecdotes about the hero whom his country delights to honor. Alice D. Le Plongeon contributes the third and concluding paper on 'The Conquest of the Mayas,' and E. W. B. Canning contributes a timely article called 'Incidents of Border Life in Ohio.' The most interesting feature of the magazine is without doubt the hitherto unpublished portrait of Washington, from the back of a playing-card—the King of Clubs,—and its history, accompanying 'A Frenchman's Estimate of Washington,' the Frenchman being the Abbé Robin.

The Scribners have saved the choicest morsel of their August *Magazine* for the last pages; so we pass over the less tempting tid-bits, and grasp for the sugar-plum at once. We have used up our stock of adjectives on Stevenson, his lambent manner and his charm of style, and are at loss for a new word to express the qualities of an 'Epilogue to "An Inland Voyage."' 'By Robert Louis Stevenson' perhaps suffices. The author as Arethusa and a comrade yclept Cigarette—so named from the canoes of the 'Voyage'—are on a pedestrian tour together about the Loire. They start out from Barbizon. Here is Arethusa's description of his travelling rig: 'On his head he wore a smoking-cap of Indian work, the gold lace pitifully tarnished. A flannel shirt of an agreeable dark hue, which the satirical called black; a light tweed coat, made by a good English tailor; ready-made cheap linen trousers and leather gaiters completed his array. . . . In person he is exceptionally lean; and his face is not, like that of happier mortals, a certificate. For years he could not pass a frontier or visit a bank without suspicion; the police everywhere but in his native city looked askance upon him, and (though I am sure it will not be credited) he is actually denied admittance to the casino of Monte Carlo.' As he proceeds on his journey, he is suspected of purveying indecent photographs, again he is offered cheer as a beggar; and finally is arrested as a German strolling singer, and locked up. Arethusa wonders parenthetically if Villon, journeying to his exile, looked unlike him. Stevenson has given us nothing brighter than this sketch. Its airiness, sauciness and drollery are inimitable. Having read this *jeu d'esprit* thrice over, we turn to the opening page and Prof. Shaler's paper on 'Rivers and Valleys.' Geology at best is rather a dry subject to any but the scientist, yet the most flippant reader must confess that geology as Prof. Shaler teaches it is even fascinating.

'Otto the Knight,' by Octave Thanet, is the story of a sturdy little fellow, whose tiny head has become inoculated with the dangerous theories of Socialism. He feels that he is called upon to avenge a social wrong, and in so doing, nearly kills his best friend and his baby playmate. While the story is a strong one, the author rather overdoes the 'dialect form' in telling it—though Marty Ann's 'I reckon,' as a confession of love, is the stroke of a master. 'Midsummer Night,' a sonnet signed A Lampman; 'The Immortal Word,' a sonnet by Helen Gray Cone; and a song called 'Seaward,' by Thomas P. Conant, are all good in their different ways. M. N. Forney's article on 'American Locomotives and Cars' makes one wonder how, of such a prosaic subject, he could make such interesting reading matter. 'Fair Day' is a sympathetic tale from Miss Jewett's pen, but is overshadowed by the more ambitious story of Maria Blunt's, 'The Fate of the Georgiana,' a vigorous tale treated theme, but lacking at the end the true dramatic touch. The third part of 'A London Life' by Henry James appears, and also the concluding chapters of 'First Harvests,' by F. J. Stimson.

Maud Howe fills about 270 of the 304 pages of the August *Lippincott's* with a novel called 'Mammon.' Though in the present tale Mrs. Elliott begins to show greater flexibility and an easier movement of her pen, one cannot see why the story should command almost an entire number of a magazine. After this there is of course little room left for anything else. Frank Dempster Sherman sings 'An Old Song'—a beautiful thing; Wm. H. Hayne contributes a couple of stanzas on 'The Whippoorwill;' and Clinton Scollard three upon 'The Cicada'—very pretty, but with no new notes in them. Elizabeth L. Saxon tells her 'Reason for Becoming a Woman-Suffragist,' but the world is none the wiser or better for her confession. The solidest contribution to the number is from W. H. Babcock, on 'The Eastern Shore of Maryland,' an entertaining history of its social evolution and the growth of its literature, churches, schools, politics and oysters. One portion of the current number, as promised, is given up to the beginning of the publication of some of the best responses to the One Hundred Questions propounded in the magazine. The answers to five only are now printed. To that asking 'Who was the original of Thackeray's Warrington in "Pendennis"?' one person 'on authority' says Barry Cornwall; another, quoting R. H. Stoddard, says Thackeray himself, perhaps; others suggest Tom Taylor; while Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in a letter which a contributor adduces, intimates her father's friend, Edward Fitzgerald. But Thackeray himself seems to settle the question, in so far as it is possible to settle it, in a note which he wrote to George Moreland Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, which implies that Crawford himself suggested the portrait of the noble Warrington.

'What Shall the Negro Do?' asks George W. Cable in the current *Forum*. 'What shall be done with the Negro?' is an old question. Side by side with it should stand the question, 'What should the Negro do?' 'For, as matters stand,' Mr. Cable argues, 'it seems only too probable that until the Negro does something further, nothing further will be done. And, indeed, are not the times and the question saying, themselves, by mute signs, that the day has come when the Negro, not the rice-field savage, but you, the educated, law-abiding, tax-paying Negro, must push strenuously to the front in his—in your—own behalf, and thus in the behalf of all your race in the land?' In particular, then, What can—what shall—the Negro do? You can make the most of the liberty you have, answers Mr. Cable to his own question. You can as urgently claim the liberty to perform all your civil duties as the liberty to enjoy all your civil rights; you must keep your vote alive and cast it—cast it though you die for it; you must make it clear that the Negro is not the mentally and morally nerveless infant he was fifteen years ago; you must see the power and necessity of individual thought and action. The Rev. John Snyder utters a protest against 'Our Barbarous Funeral Customs,' forcibly reminding us of some of the heathenish traditions we have kept and still exercise in the burial of our dead. Mr. Snyder would recall to us Paul's triumphant outcry of victory over the grave and death, and adds very effectively, 'The apostle's glad music is muffled by the raven feathers of funeral plumes.' He would have simplicity and peace about the reverent dead, and would away with mortuary symbols and the mockery of our sepulchral customs. G. R. Blanchard inquires 'Shall Railway Pooling be Permitted?' and answers the interrogation to his own satisfaction in the affirmative. Congressman W. D. Kelley points out some 'Sources of National Thrift,' as, for example, in the Southern States east of the Mississippi. 'The Trial of Popular Government' is the subject of a paper from Judge James M. Love; Leonard Woolsey Bacon has a paper on 'The Faith-Cure Delusion;' and Dr. Felix L. Oswald inquires, 'Is Longevity Worth its Price?' Edward Atkinson asks 'Must Humanity Starve at Last?' Dr. J. M. Charcot contributes an article on 'The Topography of the Brain;' Charles W. Penrose one on 'Church

Rule in Utah;' and Prof. S. E. Warren discusses the question, 'What Shall the Public Schools Teach?'

The current *Popular Science Monthly* has among its best contributions one from Herbert Spencer on 'The Ethics of Kant,' in which he criticises some of the cardinal points of Kant's doctrine, but is obliged to desist from the completion of the survey owing to ill-health. Another interesting contribution is from Dr. Walter B. Platt, who discusses some of the 'Injurious Influences of City Life,' two of which he attributes to the jarring of the brain and spinal cord by continuous treading on pavements of brick and stone, and the incessant city noises. The writer suggests some remedies for these baneful influences, but in our money-getting, job-ridden American municipalities, there is small chance of his suggestions doing any good. Frederic A. Lucas contributes a paper on 'The Home of the Great Auk,' with illustrations; there is a portrait and sketch of Spencer F. Baird, an unsigned paper on 'The Future of the Negro,' and (from Dr. Thomas Hill) a paper called 'The Parlor-Game Cure,' in which he seeks to justify the use of certain healthful indoor games for harmless amusement and sanitary recreation, at the same time demonstrating the temptations and the dangers attendant on their abuse.

The Cosmopolitan, which so suddenly came to a halt in its career, is on its legs again and apparently in the best condition. The midsummer number is light and entertaining, and we wish it god-speed. The leading article is from Sophie B. Herrick, on 'The Romance of Roses'—a floral biography, so to speak, of the queen of the garden. The paper, a poem in prose, is profusely illustrated in black and color. Laura E. Richards finds inspiration also in the rose, and in 'The Last Token' tells in verse the story of Gabriel Max's picture. Several chapters of E. P. Roe's 'Miss Lou' appear, which to the lovers of his works has now a new and pathetic interest. There are two short poems, one from Joel Benton called 'Oskaloosa,' and a rondeau, 'Sehensucht,' from Evelyn G. Sutherland. Wong Chin Foo has a tale to tell of 'The Chinese in New York'—an interesting tale it is, too, even if much of it is 'twice told.' 'Is Literature Bread-Winning?' asks Paul R. Cleveland. That it is not, *per se*, the writer pretty clearly demonstrates by a careful examination of Master Scrivener's pocket-book. Speaking in this connection of the 'good, gray poet,' Mr. Cleveland happily says: 'Walt Whitman is a type of the author of the past, a kind of modern Elijah, miraculously fed by ravens and supported by poor widows.' 'The Ladies of the American Court,' by Frank G. Carpenter, is a survey, doubtless of interest to a host of readers, of the social *personelle* of Washington—a patched-up *résumé* of newspaper paragraphs of the present administration, which nauseates one, almost, by its attitude towards Republicanism and the women it celebrates. The 'petite body' of Mme. Kuki and the 'tall Juno-like lady,' Mrs. Carlisle, is description of which Jenkins himself would feel ashamed; and the characterization of the wife of the Secretary of the Navy as 'plump, blue-eyed and cultured,' speaks for itself, as the acme of bad taste. 'Desperate' is the title of the one short story of the number, translated from Tourguéneff, by Miss Charlotte Adams—an admirable rendition of one of the Russian's strongest and most nervous sketches in character.

The Lounger

MR. R. H. STODDARD has just gone to Sag Harbor, where he will remain during the month of August. His family, which consists of his wife and only son, Lorimer, accompanies him. In July they spent two or three weeks at Long Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.—a point in the Adirondacks forty miles distant from the nearest railroad station. It is a beautiful spot, well-worth visiting; but the stage-journey takes up several hours, and much of it is very rough 'going.' On the night of their arrival, Lorimer Stoddard, who is an actor, got up a little entertainment at the hotel, which netted thirty or forty dollars for the Fresh Air Fund. Mrs. Stoddard suffered from the rough staging coming back, and was laid up for a while on her return to town. The poet is not in as robust health as his friends could wish. Though his outing may have benefited him in a general way, his eyes are none the better for it. A written or printed page is a blank to him without his glasses, and undecipherable without a powerful magnifier. To counterbalance this misfortune he has the gratification of his wife's growing recognition as a novelist and his son's success on the stage. The young gentleman is at present playing in 'The Henrietta.'

A MEMBER of a large and well-known manufacturing house in this city, that supplies many schools and churches, as well as individuals, with furniture, sends me *verbatim* copies of some specimen letters recently received by his firm. The first and shortest is from a Mexican, whose slips in English, though amusing, are pardon-

able. 'I received your letter,' he writes, 'in which you enclose that which you send me in July & that I don't know why was not delivered to me having the P. O. Box No. 533. Dignate to tell me the prize of the Opera Chairs No. 6 timed with leather. Then as I make the order I'll situate the money in that City.' The second is from the Secretary of a School Board in Virginia, whose orthographical aberrations are less excusable. It indicates that if the Virginia schoolmaster is 'abroad,' he had better hurry home again, and do a little missionary work in 'educational circles' in his own State. The letter runs thus:

I seat my Self to let you no we got the furniture on the 26st & I got this Bill last eavning & they ar all rite except the 2 No. 1 Rec Seats 8 feet long we have the Castings & Screws & lots of kees But no Seats you have them on the Bill But they didany come if they wase shipt they must of got lost & I think that coldent bee as they wase 8 feet long they cold bee sean I suppose you for got them. Please look them up as soon as Possible as we have lost one weak of school now waiting on them seats as they wase to bee here on the ro & didant come till the 26st & then not the wood of the Rec. Seats they cant set on the legs & we cant make wood to soot them very easy this is all rite soon & let us no about them as we wont them now.

THE EXACT relations of the writer of the following letter to either the Church or the business world, internal evidence does not disclose. Taking the preceding epistle as a standard, I should judge that the person guilty of this one was the President of a benighted Board of Education.

Mr. ——— Just got yours of the 25th and in reply would say it is nothing more than I expected and if you should see a few of the Church people they would no doubt report me as being a sinner above many who dwelt at Jerusalem or even those 18 on whome the tower of Siloam fell but nevertheless I would say that there are few men but myself knowing what I have past through by the bulldozing of Church officials for the past four years by some self styles saints with shallow brains and bad hearts But of course the following dont apply to you but still while there are so many who go to the ballot box like a bull at a fence or a ram at a gate post and vote a putrid—republican or democratic—ticket in company with 5 point and Tamany hall bruserz and hurrah for such mental and moral imbeciles as Mr. ——— [naming a distinguished politician not now in the National service], whom I have known for 40 years to swell up like a toad fish, with his own pomposity with nothing to recommend him but the size of his pocket book which is made to swell out with blood money which he has got by grinding the face of the poor and who knows about as much of the Knights of labor as a donky for if he did he might learn to deal justly and love mercy he would also know that the K of L is about the only organism which will save our Ship of State from being wrecked on the rocks of political usurpation and if they who run the hammer the saw and the plough had not so many Bank and Wall St and land and whisky paupers to keep I could have paid you long since out of what I have been swindled out of by such dead beats as Mr. ———. But still I would say that as Spring is now upon us and the Church is getting in such a condition as that they will soon be able to pay you but still it is well to keep them in mind of your bill as I feel sure you will get it before long

SINCE I wrote the paragraph about a proposed club of editorial ex-prisoners in Mexico, which was printed a week ago, I have heard of the arrest of seven or eight Mexican editors for alleged political offences. The editor's lot in Mexico is hardly a happier one than the English policeman's, poetically and musically bemoaned by Gilbert and Sullivan in one of their popular operettas.

'F. S. D.' WRITES to me from Philadelphia as follows:

Your reference (April 14) to Wiley's edition of 'The Compleat Angler' has only just caught my eye. There are some inaccuracies in it. Dr. Bethune's edition was first published by John Wiley, in 1847. In referring to it Mr. Westwood, in his 'Chronicle of the Compleat Angler' (London, 1864), says: 'The wisdom he [Dr. Bethune] brings to bear on his task is of the benevolent order, cordial, reverent, and sympathetic, and his criticism has nothing in common either with the flippant or dry-as-dust school. For the lover of angling-books and for the collector especially, there is no edition so useful as this.' After referring in detail to the 'Bibliographical Preface' and the several appendices with high praise, he continues: 'Of the getting-up of the volume, we cannot speak with praise. It is behind the time; the type blunt and blotty, the illustrations (a few worn-out plates, borrowed from Major, 1844) a disgrace. The intrinsic merit of the work, however, is so great, that we hope some day to see it taken up by a more liberal publisher on our own side of the Atlantic, and reissued with all the honors.' This criticism of the appearance of this volume is just, and applies with equal force to the editions of 1848 and 1852, from the same plates. None of the impressions are very scarce, and I suppose an order left with any old-book man at two or three dollars would secure any one of them in a few weeks.

In 1880 two editions, one on large paper, were printed by John Wiley & Sons, not from the old worn-out plates, but clean, fresh, handsome type, and in a style to delight the most critical book-lover. Unfortun-

ately the shabby old illustrative plates were retained. These I speedily removed when a copy came into my hands. For some time I had been collecting plates for the illustration of Pickering's Walton and Colton, but now I transferred my attention to this edition. Collecting under specially favorable circumstances, I was able to select from probably ten thousand prints the choicest impressions. These I have lately had bound in full crushed-levant. The six large volumes contain 875 prints, all but 26 of which are proof impressions on India-paper, and the balance so choice in state that I rejected India impressions to retain them. Of these prints, 182 are India proof vignettes, laid down on the text and on the specially printed title-pages. As far as my knowledge goes, I have secured every portrait of either Walton or Colton that has been issued on India-paper. Among the artists represented are Lombart, Marshall, Morghen, Vischer, Bosaspina, Benucci, Rivera, Laura, Unger, Bewick and Jackson. Of course, having lavished so much devotion upon this edition of 1880, I could not remain silent when the *Lounger* tells me that it was printed from the plates that Westwood characterized as 'blunt and blotty' and 'a disgrace.'

Symphony

Not to the realm of breathed sounds alone
 Beyond all instruments of melody :
 No less than Music's self hath Poesy
 Her instruments, perchance of finer tone.
 She hath her sonnet-trumpet for her own,
 Her viols and her pipes of balladry,
 And silver flutes for love's sweet ministry
 In many a tender lyric softly blown.
 List, how in clearest harmony they sound,—
 Cymbals and drums beating in battle song,
 Harp-strings of holy psalmody, up-stealing;
 And, heard through all, with mighty voice profound
 Out-poured, a wave of sound sustained and strong,
 The solemn epic's thunderous organ-pealing !

ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE.

International Copyright

ON MONDAY LAST, Gen. Collins, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, asked to submit to Congress a resolution to set apart Dec. 5 for the consideration of the International Copyright bill. Judge Rogers of Arkansas interposed an objection, however. This was made without conditions, and was sufficient to defeat the resolution. The bill was reported without dissent, Representative Rogers, with others of the Judiciary Committee of the House, having merely reserved the right to dissent if they chose. Mr. Culberson of Texas, the Chairman of the Committee, is also mentioned as an opponent of the bill. The motives for this apparent change of base have not been divulged. Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, who introduced the bill, will watch his opportunity to have it considered at this session or the next. The bill will doubtless be passed when it comes to a vote.

IN ORDER to satisfy herself of the position which the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone holds in regard to International Copyright, Anna Katherine Green (Mrs. Rohlf's) wrote to him recently, asking him his opinion on the subject, and enclosing an excerpt from an American paper in which the statement appeared, in an Associated Press dispatch, that he was antagonistic to the movement. Mr. Gladstone in reply has written the following letter, dated July 20, 1888, a copy of which Mrs. Rohlf's sends us:—
 'DEAR MADAM: The paragraph does not quote my words, and is radically inaccurate. I strongly support International Copyright; but I told the Edinburgh printers they were right in objecting to restrictions which I believe would prevent the use of the same type frames in both countries, while I advised them of the danger of any presumptuous interference. Yours very faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.'

—Mr. Lowell in his speech at the dinner given in London last week to celebrate the progress of International Copyright in America, is quoted as saying, in reference to the piracy of books, that the American publishers, who are getting a larger share of the blame, were no worse than the English publishers would have been if they had had the chance. There is nothing either in our climate or form of government calculated to produce a lower standard of morality than in other countries.

Current Criticism

LOVE OF NOTORIETY.—It is a bad sign of the times that there are so many men and women who, not having any genuine public life or duty, are still delighted to hear themselves talked about as if they were public persons, and who get all the harm of notoriety without any of its stimulus for the discharge of definite responsibilities. The man of whom nobody knows that he is pledged to any particular line of conduct—nay, of whom nobody knows anything except that he has had his finger privately in many of the pies which public men have been concerned in baking, but sometimes for one purpose and sometimes for another,—is likely to have his head turned by notoriety, without having, in any single direction, any clearer view of duty or keener sense of obligation. It may be delightful to such a man to see an *alter ego* called by his name and universally recognized as a factor in public life, without his feeling one whit clearer as to what he is bound by his reputation to say or do in furtherance of his fame. But such an *alter ego* is a sort of fetch which is sure to confuse his own sense of personal identity instead of to define it, and to mystify instead of to steady him. The wish of private persons to be talked about and thought about and written about by people who have no solid facts on which to base their estimate of them, and who must make them the centres of mere gossip, if they make a fuss about them at all, is a diseased wish which has a solely corrupting tendency. Moreover, that kind of self-consciousness is purely intoxicating, and, what is worse, inspires an ever deeper and deeper passion for the intoxicating draught. Publicity without public duty, and without conferring on the public any power to verify the discharge of duty by the person thus made spuriously public, is one of the most heady and poisonous of the ingredients of private life.—*The Spectator*.

THE BRAIN-WORKER'S NEED OF ARM-EXERCISE.—Walking on an even surface, the only variety of physical exercise which most business and professional men get in town, is well known to be a poor substitute for arm-exertion. The reason is partially plain, since walking is almost automatic and involuntary. The walking mechanism is set in motion as we would turn an hour-glass, and requires little attention, much less volition and separate discharges of force from the brain-surface with each muscular contraction, as is the case with the great majority of arm-movements. The arm-user is a higher animal than the leg-user. Arm-motions are more nearly associated with mental action than leg-movements. A man's lower limbs merely carry his higher centres to his food or work. The latter must be executed with his arms and hands. A third way in which arm-exercise benefits the organism is through the nervous system. Whether this is due to an increased supply of richer, purer blood, or whether the continual discharge of motor impulses in some way stores up another variety of force, we do not know. One thing is certain, the victim of neurasthenia is very seldom an individual who daily uses his arms for muscular work; with this, the limit of hurtful mental work is seldom reached.—*Dr. Walter B. Platt, in The Popular Science Monthly*.

AN AUSTRIAN NOVELIST ON DAUDET.—Alphonse Daudet captivated me at once; I think it is impossible not to love him. Most of the writers with whom I have become acquainted in the course of my long literary career were very much the reverse of their writings. Daudet is the first poet whose personality I found poetical. He is to me just as congenial and stimulating as a man as he is as a writer; every element in his works is reproduced in his person, and not infrequently he passes suddenly from the gentle melancholy which is a predominant trait of his nature to the humor with which 'Tartarin de Tarascon' is permeated. Indeed, the thought often presented itself to me, whether he did not really intend, in his delicate way, to ridicule the entire naturalistic school, and that exquisite scene in 'Tartarin sur les Alpes,' in which he satirizes pessimism and disgust of life, appeared to me all at once, like all true humor, very serious. Mme. Daudet is likewise an exception. As a rule the wives of authors are a direct contrast to the ideals of their husbands. Here we have a woman who is not only capable of filling the heart of an author, but who can also engage his mind and his imaginative powers. With all her feminine charms, Mme. Daudet is simple, unpretentious, and without a trace of coquetry. She keeps in the background, and becomes animated only when some intellectual question is touched, when some truth or idea which she advocates is combated.—*Sacher Masoch, in the Leipzig Magazin*.

—'The Land of Manfred,' a description of Apulia and other parts of Southern Italy, is the name of a new book of travel announced by John Murray. The author is Mrs. Ross, whose maiden name was Duff Gordon.

Notes

—*The Epoch* prints an interesting interview with the late E. P. Roe on American literature and literary life, one of the last expressions—perhaps the last—of the dead author. By his will Mr. Roe's entire property is bequeathed to his wife, to revert to their children on her death.

—*Lippincott's Magazine* for October will be a special E. P. Roe number. It will contain, besides the author's good-natured paper on 'A Native Author Called Roe,' his last story, called 'The Queen of Spades,' and some personal reminiscences by a friend.

—Walter Besant was at the authors' dinner in London last week, alive and in the best of spirits. He says in contradiction of the report of his sickness, 'I am *not* ill; I am *not* ordered away; I am *not* unable to write.'

—F. A. Stokes & Bro. are to publish a Life of Grover Cleveland in Wm. O. Stoddard's series of Presidential biographies.

—Rider Haggard seems to be pursued by a malignant fate. Now the papers are tearing in tatters 'Mr. Meeson's Will,' and printing parallel passages of that and a resurrected romance of Charles Aubert's, called 'Le Cas de Mlle. Suzanne,' from which he is accused of plagiarizing.

—Cupples & Hurd are to publish immediately a cheap edition of 'The Story of an African Farm,' an illustrated guide to the Island of Bermuda, by James H. Stark; and the third edition of 'Miss Frances Merley,' by John E. Curran.

—A dictionary of 'Americanisms, Old and New,' compiled and edited by John S. Farmer, is to be published by subscription in London next autumn. Henry Stevens & Son, the American booksellers in London, will receive orders from this side. In addition to descriptions of the derivation, meaning and application of words and phrases peculiar to the United States, British America, and the West Indies, the book will contain 'numerous anecdotal, historical, explanatory and folk-lore notes.' The edition is limited to 500 copies for England and 250 for America.

—Emile Zola, Rider Haggard, George R. Sims, Ouida, Hall Caine, W. E. Norris and Thomas Hardy are some of the contributors to Tillotson & Son's Newspaper Fiction Bureau for the ensuing year. On Jan. 1 will be begun a serial by S. Baring-Gould, called 'The Pennycomequicks.'

—As an example of the curious in epitaphs, we give the following from a head-stone recently finished by a well-known artificer in stone and marble of this city:

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave on hill and plain
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain

THE RIGHT AND SLEEP

IN MEMORY OF RICHARD GRANT WHITE

Born May XXIII MDCCCXXI

Died April VIII MDCCCLXXXV

—Among the books belonging to the late Mrs. Bryan Procter (Barry Cornwall's widow), which were offered for sale in London last month, were many presentation copies of the works of celebrated contemporaries. There was Browning's 'Dramatis Personæ,' with the inscription: 'To Bryan Waller Procter, with the old admiration and love, from R. B.;' a 'La Saisiaz,' marked 'from her old and loving friend, R. B.,' and other such remembrances from the same poet. There was also a copy of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, with an autographic line of affection on the fly-leaf; and several of Swinburne's books, among those of the younger generation. Among other volumes of interest on the catalogue of sale were Fanny Kemble's 'Recollections of a Girlhood,' Lord Houghton's 'Monographs,' Matthew Arnold's 'Mixed Essays,' 'Poetry of Byron' and 'Poems of Wordsworth' ('with kindest regards'); Coventry Patmore's volumes, several works of Anna Jameson, and 'Democracy, and Other Addresses,' from the author to his 'young friend Mrs. Procter, with affectionate regards.'

—'Almost,' a novel by John S. Shriver of the Baltimore *American*, is in the press of Lombard, Druid & Co., Baltimore.

—*Apophos* of Mr. Browning's recent refusal to contribute a poem to an American periodical which offered him a very high price for one, *The Independent* prints a letter received from the poet in January, 1886, in which he rejects similar proposals from that journal's editor. He says:

I would willingly accept them were I not hardened in my conviction—of such old standing!—that my poems, smaller or greater, make very little impression at their first appearance, and that the time which is required for people to even examine them could not be allowed by a magazine, which must in the main be conducted with a view to immediate success.

—The Committee in charge of the memorial to Mrs. Craik issue a circular from which it appears that the subscriptions received thus far amount to \$2020, in sums ranging from \$1 to 15/. The donor of fifteen pounds is the Dowager Empress Victoria of Germany. In this country the subscriptions aggregate \$331. Any further contributions should be sent to Mr. Joseph W. Harper, of Harper & Bros.

—Sir Charles Dilke is said to be writing a study of the South African Question.

—That bright, well-edited and useful little monthly, *The Writer*, which has met with deserved prosperity, will be enlarged in January, at the beginning of its next volume, and raised in price to \$2 a year.

—For the September *Scribner's* Gen. Horace Porter has written a paper on 'Railway Passenger Travel.' It may not be quite as rollicking as Saxe's 'Rhyme of the Rail,' but we predict that no one will go to sleep over it.

—Two volumes of correspondence of John Lothrop Motley are announced for publication in London by John Murray.

—Chatto & Windus are soon to issue a new edition of 'Infelicia,' by Ada Isaacs Menken, which attracted considerable attention when it was first published some years ago. Ada Menken is now sleeping at Montparnasse; her name is almost forgotten, and it is doubtful if the book has merit enough to secure, without the assistance of her notoriety, further public recognition.

—James C. Dibdin's 'Annals of the Edinburgh Stage and the Rise and Progress of Dramatic Writing in Scotland' has at last appeared.

—The Rev. R. S. Gregory, Vicar of Lower Edmonton, near London, writes to the *New York World*, asking for subscriptions to perpetuate the name of Charles Lamb by a fitting memorial above his dust.

Only a plain and simple headstone marks his grave, with some quaint verses written on it. The stone is being effaced by time, as it is fifty years ago since this most humorous of literary characters was laid to rest. No subscription has ever been started to mark his grave with a fitting monument, or to give the little lustre which cold marble can give to the memory of the man who sleeps below.

The immortal author of the *Elia* essays certainly deserves a more fitting tribute in this monument-erecting age. The grave of Laurence Sterne in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, is also reported to be in a state of neglect. While it was lately directed that the place be improved and opened as a garden and playground, nothing appears to have been contemplated for the care of the forgotten grave and the dust within it.

—Percy Bysshe Shelley, had he lived, would be ninety-six years old to-day.

—Ticknor & Co. announce for to-day 'A Sea Change: or, Love's Stowaway,' by W. D. Howells; 'A Mexican Girl,' a story of life in the Sierras of Southern California, by Frederick Thickett; Edward Stanwood's 'History of Presidential Elections,' in a new and enlarged edition; and a new and exhaustive treatise on 'Newspaper Libel,' by Samuel Merrill of the Boston *Globe*. The vocal score of 'A Sea Change,' words and music complete, arranged for piano accompaniment, is published by A. P. Schmidt & Co., of Boston.

—Frederick C. Phillips, author of 'As in a Looking-Glass,' is a son of the late Rev. George Washington Phillips, a godson of our first President.

—MR. HENRY JAMES certainly deserves a place among the prolific writers whom THE CRITIC mentioned a few weeks ago. In addition to 'The Reverberator,' which has just been issued in book-form, and the serial, 'A London Life,' now running in *Scribner's Magazine*, he begins a new story in the current *Universal Review*, called 'The Lesson of the Master,' and publishes the first instalment of a tale in two parts, entitled 'The Patagonia,' in the August *English Illustrated*.

—Messrs. Putnam's fall announcements include 'Behind Closed Doors,' by Anna Katharine Green; M. D. Conway's book on Edmund Randolph; the story of 'Media, Babylon and Persia,' by Z. A. Ragozin, of 'Mediaeval France,' by Gustav Masson, and of 'Mexico,' by Susan Hale, in their *Stories of the Nations*; the second and last volume of Prof. Chas. F. Richardson's *American Literature*, treating of poetry and fiction; 'Christian Doctrine Harmonized,' by Prof. J. S. Kedney; 'Essays on Practical Politics,' by Theodore Roosevelt, in the *Questions of the Day Series*; 'Would You Have Left Her?' by W. F. Kip; and in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series, Thackeray's 'Rose and Ring,' with fac-similes of the author's illustrations; 'Undine and Sintram' (with illustrations), (by De la Motte Fouqué); Moore's 'Irish Melodies,' with illustra-

tions; 'Stories from the Italian Poets,' by Leigh Hunt; and 'Essays of Elia,' by Charles Lamb. In the Questions of the Day Series is promised 'The President's Message,' with annotations of facts and figures by R. R. Bowker.

—Oswald Crawford's novel, 'Sylvia Arden,' has sold so well in England that his publishers have issued a second edition.

—*The Westminster Review* for July has an unsigned paper on the 'Characteristics of American Cities,' devoted mainly to the cities of the West and South. A second paper will treat of the great towns of the Middle West and the procession of cities between Boston and Washington, at the same time examining certain questions of type, morality, culture, refinement, crime and its repression, and various other social and political problems.

—The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship has issued in pamphlet form the Report of the Committee upon Courses of Reading and Study, on Works on Civil Government, with a list of text-books and commentaries recommended for the use of schools.

—*The Scottish Review* in its forthcoming number will publish the journal of Thomas Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, during his tour through the Highlands in 1803.

—Edwin Lester Arnold of the London *Daily Telegraph* a son of Sir Edwin, the poet, is the author of 'England as She Seems,' which Frederick Warne & Co. have just brought out on this side of the water.

—The Plays of Wycherly, edited by W. C. Ward and unexpurgated, have been added to the Mermaid Series.

—D. Van Nostrand has just published two new volumes in the Bowser Series of Mathematical Text-Books—a 'College Algebra' and an 'Academic Algebra,' intended for the primary and advanced courses.

—Passengers entering New York by the Grand Central Station are requested to drop the newspaper, illustrated weekly, or novel, which they might otherwise leave in the cars, in the red box marked, 'For the Sick in Hospital: State Charities Aid Association,' placed near the stairs leading to the Elevated Railway at the 42d Street exit. The papers are taken every day to hospitals and other institutions on Blackwell's, Ward's, Randall's and Hart's Islands, where thousands of persons receive them gratefully. Similar boxes are placed at the Rector Street terminus of the Elevated Railway, the Hanover Square station, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the Staten Island Ferry, South Ferry, and the ferries at Wall, Liberty, Fulton and East 34th Streets.

—Pêcheur d'Islande, the story that made the reputation of Julien Viaud ('Pierre Loti'), is issued by Mr. Gottsberger this week in an English version by Clara Cadiot.

—Walter Besant, in the preface to the new library edition of the novels of Besant and Rice, which Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing, gives an interesting account of that famous literary partnership. Their first joint publication was 'Ready-Money Mortiboy,' the germ of which existed in Rice's mind and some chapters of which were written, before they agreed on collaboration. Of the book Mr. Besant says:

The first crude idea [of the collaborators] was the return of the Prodigal Son, ten times worse than when he went away. He was to be a hardened, heartless, ruthless villain; he was to get round his father by playing upon his foibles and weaknesses; he was to get everything out of him and leave him in the end ruined. Dick Mortiboy came home, in effect, just as Rice originally proposed.

And this seeming inconsistency in Dick's character Mr. Besant attributes to his friend's sympathetic nature. 'If there is anything in them,' he concludes in speaking of their several works, 'that is generous, sympathetic or kind-hearted, I shall be content if James Rice has the credit.' The partnership had lasted ten years when it was cut short by Rice's untimely death.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS

No. 1372.—Who wrote the poem 'Ruth,' beginning,

Clasped by the golden light of morn,
She stood breast high amid the corn?

NEW YORK.

[Thomas Hood, in 1827.]

A. S.

No. 1373.—1. What was the Fortras Catalogue? 2. Who was the original of Rebecca in 'Ivanhoe.' 3. Who was the original of Sam Weller?

MANCHESTER, N. H.

L. N.

[1. The question has been repeatedly asked, but we cannot find that it has been satisfactorily answered. The word is sometimes spelt Fortraz. 2. Rebecca Gratz, a Philadelphian, whom Irving described and praised to Scott, who did not know her, is said to have been the original of the lady in 'Ivanhoe.']

No. 1374.—Where can I find Dr. Holland's poem, 'The Palmer's Vision'? Has a collection of his shorter poems ever been published?

FREDERICK, MD.

A. E. B. N.

['The Palmer's Vision' stands first in the department of 'shorter poems' in 'The Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland,' New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.]

No. 1375.—Can you tell me the authors of the following quotations?

1. The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
2. Man has his will, but woman has her way.
3. Evil minds change good to their own nature.
4. What hopes the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring.
5. An' two men ride a horse, one must ride behind.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

L. R. B.

[4. Milton's Paradise Lost, Book II, line 221.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1358.—Some information can be had of the Brotherhood of the New Life by referring to the article on Thomas Lake Harris in the 'American Encyclopædia.' An article on the Brotherhood, by Charles A. Dana, is reprinted in Noyes's 'American Socialism.' Mr. Harris, who is the founder of the Brotherhood, is the most remarkable man of this generation. In Mr. Laurence Oliphant's novel, 'Piccadilly,' he is declared to be 'the greatest poet of the age, as yet, alas! unknown to fame.' His writings are full of light and uplifting for all those who are troubled by the problems of this confused and mournful epoch. 'Esoteric Science in Human History' is the title of his latest work. It is a treasure of priceless truth, a master-key to great mysteries: it points the way toward 'the lost science of antiquity, the lost art of life.' The Brotherhood is now established at Fountain Grove, near Santa Rosa, Cal. They reserve to themselves the present distribution of their publications, and would doubtless reply to earnest inquirers who desired to become acquainted with their teachings. Some of their publications (not the more recent ones) can be had of Thomson & Co., 107 North Street, Glasgow, Scotland. If C. F. S. will send his address to the writer of this paragraph, further information will be sent him.

BALLENA, SAN DIEGO CO., CAL.

C. E. M.

No. 1369.—'T. W. H.' calls our attention to an unaccountable oversight in our answer to this question. 'I, for one,' he says, 'would put Hardy, whom you do not name, above all the English novelists you name.'

No. 1371.—Tennyson, in 'Ænone,' and not W. H. Channing was the author of the striking and familiar lines,

Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.

The lines are put into the mouth of Pallas.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. H.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Blake, M. E., and Sullivan M. F. Mexico.	\$1.25	Charles T. Dillingham.
Bowser, E. A. Academic Algebra.		D. Van Nostrand.
Bowser, E. A. College Algebra.		D. Van Nostrand.
Chisholm, G. G. School Geography.		Longmans, Green & Co.
Crosby, E. H. The Legal Profession and American Progress.		An Address.
Curme, G. O. Lamartine's Meditations.	75c.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Davis, M. E. M. In War Times at La Rose Blanche.		Boston: D. Lothrop.
Emerton, E. Introduction to the Study of the Middle Ages.	\$1.25	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Green, J. R. Mrs. Henry the Second.	60c.	Macmillan & Co.
Hale, W. G. Aims and Methods in Classical Study.		Boston: Ginn & Co.
Julian, H. Love Ventures.		The Truth Seeker Co.
Matthew, J. E. Popular History of Music.		Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
My Aunt's Matchmaking and Other Stories.	25c.	Cassell & Co.
Myers, P. V. N. Ancient History.	\$1.55	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Plutarch, Lives of.	10c.	Cassell & Co.
Reid, T. W. Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster.	2 vols.	
		London: Chapman & Hall.
Salts, E. Eden.	50c.	Belford, Clarke & Co.
Southworth, E. D. E. N. The Maiden Widow.	25c.	Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.
Thompson, M. A Fortnight of Folly.		John B. Alden.
Thornton, J. Elementary Physiography.		Longmans, Green & Co.
Ward, T. H. International Copyright in Works of Art. A Letter to the American People.		
Watson, H. C. The Boston Tea Party.	50c.	Charles T. Dillingham.
Wright, M. R. Sound, Light and Heat.		Longmans, Green & Co.